

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 290.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SOCIAL GRAVITATION.

ANCE, from its universal prevalence, ought to be of the most familiar of things. Yet, there are many changes which, though they occur every day, are quite well known to be unavoidable, never present themselves to our attention without occasioning surprise. To take a homely instance—how common is it, on being absent for a time from a place, to be astonished, on our return, that the boys have grown into striplings, and the striplings into men! We know well that boys cannot help growing into striplings, and striplings into men, and that, while the human race exists, such changes will take place. Yet, somehow, it never fails to strike us as a prodigy. Some of the "old familiar faces," too, are missed—they are not—it could not be otherwise; yet who does not find his heart taken with an unexpected sorrow on perceiving that such is the case? Is it our reluctance to behold these sad marks of the lapse of time, that makes them so wonderful to us when they occur?

How changeable, in the social world, is the thing called fortune! The imagination has been exhausted suggesting metaphors capable of denoting its extreme changeableness. Excepting in the sheltered vales of life, scarcely any man ends as he began, or remains steadily in the same grade with his father. Risings and fallings are seen every where. Who are to be the great of the next age? Assuredly not alone the children of the present great. In that body, mingled with some of the children of considerable persons now existing, there will unquestionably be found a vast proportion of individuals whose parents are now in humble circumstances. Where, again, will the most of the children of the present great and comfortable be found in the next age? Assuredly in a much lower rank of life. Something like a new taking of places, shuffling of the cards, is seen at the commencement of every new generation. And the reason is obvious. Men do not necessarily resemble their fathers in abilities and dispositions. Neither are their early education and circumstances the same. Changes of position are, therefore, unavoidable. Even in those regular departments of artificial society, where certain regulations aim at keeping a family at one invariable point of rank and wealth, we find that, among themselves, the influence arising from superior talent and goodness has its force; and one grandee or countess is respected and conceded to, while his or her son, for want of the same qualities, inherits not the same degree of power. All this shows how determined nature is to allow of no constant running advantages in particular and exclusive channels. How unwilling she is that her children should stagnate into castes—how anxious that *all should have a chance*. She seems, indeed, to have established something like a principle of gravitation in the moral as well as the material world, by virtue of which each human being thrown into the mass tends to rise or fall to his proper place, that being determined by his own weight, and the weight of the different bodies with which he is associated. It is even conceivable that not a single individual is abstracted from or added to the community, without producing a certain, though imperceptible change, in the positions and relations of the rest—as it would be impossible for any new object to be projected into our system, or any existing one to be taken from it, without occasioning most important alterations in the places and motions of the other bodies.

While such seems to be the rule of nature, there are many feelings in the human breast which tend to interfere with and avert its ordinary consequences. Men, through an amiable instinct, desire that their

offspring and posterity should never be in a worse condition than themselves, but, if possible, a better. Hence we see, amongst landed men, a great anxiety to entail property upon their families—amongst professional and mercantile men, great efforts to render their sons competent to succeed them in fulfilling the same duties—and, in general, amongst all classes, an anxiety to push children upwards, or, at least, to prevent them from declining into lower spheres. These sentiments are as natural as the rule which has been adverted to; but they have been designed for a purpose short of overturning or entirely interrupting it. It seems proper that every reasonable effort should be made to maintain our children on the same level with ourselves, and even to advance them to a superior one; for by this means both particular and general interests are cultivated. But there is a bound beyond which such efforts become unreasonable, and, consequently, mischievous. To entail land upon a race, and thus at once to bind up the property from most of its natural uses, and the possessors from most of their powers of free-agency for good as well as evil, and, worst of all, from the power, when in debt, of satisfying their own consciences, may be fairly considered as an irrational, and, consequently, pernicious result of the wish to cherish offspring. From such an anomaly, or interference with the tendencies of nature, no good can come; and, accordingly, we see it, in our own country, acting like a blight even upon the beings for whose benefit it was designed. In the mercantile world, we see the care and tenderness for children operating in the like excess, and with exactly the like evil results, when a young person is forced or led into a particular profession, or perhaps only into a certain position in society, by virtue of the fondness of his parents or other relatives, and without the least regard to his natural abilities or dispositions, as if every body were fit for every thing. We are surprised when one is found incapable of carrying on what a predecessor has had the ability to form, forgetting that every being has been designed in a great measure to form a place for himself, and that the mere accident of birth is not to be expected to confer qualification.

It is not alone in the feelings of the parties most nearly concerned, that the great natural principle meets opposition. The surrounding and unconcerned community sympathises with the concerned parties, and likes to see a son no worse off than his father. When a few generations keep up at one level of affluence or influence, the sympathising feeling becomes a venerating tenderness, which is shocked at the idea of "the family" losing any of its possessions, and would actually do something to prevent so dire a calamity as its sinking into its original obscurity. As a counter-part to this sentiment, there is an unconfessible dislike to witness the rise of new families to importance. When the case is put seriously, every one acknowledges that to rise by merit is worthy of all praise; that he who has carved out greatness for himself, is better than he who has had it thrust upon him; and so forth. But these are only cold acknowledgments of the intellect. In such phrases as *parvenus*, *nouveaux riches*, upstarts, and others of the like meaning, we read but too plainly the down-looking scorn of those who are approached, and the up-looking envy of those left behind. In the very acknowledgment of merit, which is usually rendered, there is an apologetic meaning, as if the case should have been otherwise, but talent and virtue had forced their way against the natural course of things. And hence we generally see reason to believe that the new men, though the actual possessors of the merit which is yet to gild the name of

their posterity, would willingly forfeit all honour on that score, in exchange for the mere reflected glory of some "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." They know that the deference paid to long-inherited honours, unattended by personal merit, is greater than that paid to merit, which was in obscurity yesterday. If they yield, therefore, to a feeling which we willingly acknowledge to be unworthy of them, the original blame is that of society.

Many benefits seem to be promised by the inculcation of more enlightened views on this subject. If we be convinced that nature makes no rule of keeping one generation in the same place with another, we, as individuals, will see the propriety of reconciling ourselves to the possibility of our having to decline into some sphere more fitted for us than that of our fathers.*

* In illustration of the frequent changes of hands to which property is naturally liable, it may be mentioned that an old gentleman, who took pains to cut out advertisements of sales of land from newspapers, with a view to preserving them, ascertained that the whole of the estates within ten miles of Glasgow, large and small, with scarcely an exception, passed, in fifty years, into families quite apart from the original possessors. James Hogg, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, conveys some curious information, in which we have reason to place reliance, respecting the interchange of positions which takes place every century or so between the capitalised and the uncapitalised, in other words, masters and servants, in the pastoral districts of the south of Scotland. The speakers in the following extract are Andrew, a shrewd old shepherd, who has saved some money, and his master, who complains of the decline of his circumstances:—

"There is no class of men," says the master, "so independent as you shepherds. You have your sheep, your cow, your meal and potatoes; a regular income of from sixteen to thirty pounds yearly, without a farthing of expenditure, except for shoes; for your clothes are all made at home. If you would even wish to spend it, you cannot get an opportunity, and every one of you is rich who has not lost money by lending it. It is therefore my humble opinion that all the farms over this country will soon change occupants, and that the shepherds must ultimately become the store-farmers."

"I hope I'll never live to see that, master, for the sake of them that I and mine hae won our bread frae, as well as some others that I hae a great respect for. But that's no a thing that hasna happened afore this day. It is little mair than a hundred and forty years sin' a' the land i' this country changed masters already; sin' every farmer in it was reduced, and the farms were a' ta'en by common people and strangers at half naething. The Welshes came here then, out o' a place they ca' Wales, in England; the Andersons came frae a place they ca' Rannoch, some gate i' the north; and your ain family came first to this country then, frae some bit lairdship near Glasgow. A set o' Macgregors and Macdougals, said to have been great thieves, came into Yarrow then, and changed their names to Scott; but they didna thrive; for they warna likit, and the hinder-end o' them were in the Catslack-burn. They ca'd them aye the Pinolys, frae the place they came frae; but I dinna ken where it was. The Ballintynes came frae Galloway; and for as flourishing folks as they are now, the first o' them came out at the Birkhall-path, riding on a haltered pony, wi' a goat-skin aneath him for a saddle. The Cunninghams likewise began to spread their wings at the same time; they came a' frae a little fat curate that came out o' Glencairn to Ettrick. But that's nae disparagement to ony o' the families; for an there be merit at a' inherent in man as to worldly things, it is certainly in raising himself frae naething to respect. There is nae very ancient name among a' our farmers now, but the Tweedies and the Murrays. Now ye see, for as far outbye as I live, I can

We will do so gracefully and patiently, because we will know that there can be no dishonour in yielding to an irresistible decree of nature. The same conviction should reconcile parents to the possibility of their children being obliged to decline. When they have given them every fair chance of filling a situation in their own rank, and advancing into a superior, they will, with comparative tranquillity, see them gravitate towards a place better suited for them, and, instead of needlessly being incensed at them on that account, and treating them as outcasts, which is too often done, will endeavour to make them as happy in their new place as possible. Many others, who are called upon to make sacrifices for persons in whom they are interested, will first take care to ascertain that these persons are in the positions for which nature fitted them, as otherwise no sacrifice can be of the least service to them; while, if the position be a right one, very trifling favours may be beneficial. When, after many efforts to maintain a friend in a wrong or false position, he ends by making them losers, and sinking into a comparatively low situation, correct notions on social gravitation will show that they, as well as their friend, have been to blame; that he, after all, has only yielded to his natural tendency; and, instead of casting him off, as men are apt to do at present, they will feel in duty bound to succour him in his humble estate, and, by more moderate and judicious favours, endeavour to restore the comfort he has lost. More liberal views will also be entertained respecting the risings and fallings of individuals in whom we are no further interested than as members of the same great community. We will see families rise from obscurity, and honour them for their express deserts, without either enviously or superciliously pointing to their original circumstances; and we will

tell ye some things that ye dinna hear among your drink-ing cronies."

"It is when you begin to these old traditions that I like to listen to you, Andrew. Can you tell me what was the cause of such a complete overthrow of the farmers of that age?"

"Oh, I canna tell, sir—I canna tell; some overturn o' affairs like the present, I fancy. The farmers had either lost a' their sheep, or a' their siller, as they are like to do now; but I canna tell how it was; for the general change had ta'en place, for the maist part, afore the Revolution. My ain grandfather, who was the son of a great farmer, hired himself for a shepherd at that time to young Tam Linton; and mony one was wae for the downcome. But, speaking o' that, o' a' the downcomes that ever a country kenn'd in a farming name, there has never been ought like that o' the Lintons. When my grandfather was a young man, and one o' their herds, they had a' the principal store-farms o' Ettrick Forest, and a part in this shire. They had, when the great Mr Boston came to Ettrick, the farms o' Blackhouse, Dryhope, Henderland, Chapel-hope, Seabcleuch, Shorthope, Midgehope, Meggetknowes, Buccleuch, and Gilmanscleuch, that I ken of, and likely as mony mae; and now there's no a man o' the name in a' the bounds aboon the rank of a cowherd. Thomas Linton rode to kirk and market wi' a liveryman at his back; but where is a' that pride now?—a' buried in the mools wi' the bearers' w! Take an auld fool's advice, and never lay farm to farm, even though a fair opportunity should offer; for, as sure as He lives who pronounced that curse, it will take effect. I'm an auld man, and I ha'e seen mony a dash made that way; but I never saw one o' them come to good! There was first, M— of Glenrath; it was untelling what land that man possessed. Now his family has not a furr in the two counties. Then there was his neighbour S— of Posso; I ha'e seen the day that S— had two-and-twenty farms, the best o' the two counties, and a' stockit wi' good sheep. Now there's no a drop o' his blood has a furr in the two counties. Then there was G— of Willenslee; aye wad ha'e thought that body was goun to take the haill kingdom. He was said to have had ten thousand sheep a' on good farms, at a time. Where are they a' now? Neither him nor his has a furr in the two counties. Let me tell ye, master—for ye're but a young man, and I wad aye faim have ye to see things in a right line—that ye may blame the wars; ye may blame the government; and ye may blame the parliamenters; but there's a hand that rules higher than a' these; and gin ye dinna look to that, ye'll never look to the right source either o' your prosperity or adversity. And I sairly doubt that the pride o' the farmers has been raised to over great a pitch, that Providence has been brewing a day of humiliation for them, and that there will be a change o' hands since mair, as there was about this time hundred and forty years."

"Then I suppose you shepherds expect to have century aboon it, or so? Well, I don't see any thing very unfair in it."

"Ay, but I fear we will be as far aneath the right medium for a while as ye are startit aboon it. We'll make a fine hand doing the honours o' the grand mansion-houses that ye ha'e biggit for us; the cavalry exercises; the guns and the pointers; the wine and the punch drinking; and the singing o' the deboshed songs! But we'll just come to the right side again in a generation or twa; and then, as soon as we get ower high, we'll get a downcome in our turn."

see that all efforts to stay the decline of others by external regulations, only tend to produce evil, though it will not be without emotion that we see the honours of centuries fall into the dust, and that which has been, be no more.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

THE great majority of the natural excavations or caverns found on the surface of the earth, have been formed by subterranean currents of water, which have enlarged original fissures, or carried away masses of soft clay or loose sand, that were interposed between layers of hard rock. The streams, or springs, that exist in almost every cavern of any great extent, tend strongly to corroborate this view. It is observable, also, that nearly all large caverns occur in limestone formations, through which water filtrates with ease, and where, of course, it is most likely to accumulate in such quantities as to require and force for itself a vent. The subsidence of rocks, or the upheavings of them by earthquakes or volcanic agency, may doubtless have originated some caverns, but the majority of them are unquestionably to be ascribed to the escape of infiltrated water in the manner alluded to.

The most remarkable cavern which has been discovered in any part of the world, is that called the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, North America. What the true proportions of this cave are, as far as regards the length to which it penetrates into the earth, is not yet ascertained; for though it has been explored to the distance of between nine and ten miles, no boundary has been reached, in any one of its numerous windings. The mere extent of this excavation is sufficient to render it an object of interest, but the Mammoth Cave is not deficient in attractions in other points also, inferior though it be to many other subterranean cavities in the variety of its productions, or in the beauty of its natural curiosities.

The Mammoth Cave was not discovered by the present inhabitants of the United Provinces of America, until the year 1816. In the district in which it exists, there are many other pits and caverns of lesser size, among the limestone formations of which that region is almost wholly composed. A deep pit leads to the mouth of the cave, which is thirty feet in width, and from forty to fifty feet high, and which seems like some frightful chasm in nature, whose hideous yawn allures the adventurer to its interior, only to bury him in impenetrable darkness. After advancing two or three hundred yards, however, the lofty arch of rock over the visitor's head, gradually contracts on all sides, and for several paces it is necessary for a man to stoop, though oxen are admitted with facility. The passage again expands to a width of fifty feet, and about twenty in height, which proportions it retains for nearly a mile. As the visitor approaches this part of the cave, an extraordinary spectacle meets his eye, which will remind him of the fabled labours of the blacksmith-god Vulcan, in the centre of Mount Ætna. Twenty or thirty blacks are seen, engaged, with the aid of torches and fires, in the labours of the cave, which consist in the manufacturing of saltpetre, a substance yielded in abundance by the earth of which the floor is composed. The saltpetre is separated simply by steeping the earth in water, which dissolves the salt, and afterwards deposits it by evaporation. This part of the cave is called the First Hoppers, and an exploring party generally supply themselves here with a torch to each man, which is rendered absolutely necessary, by the strong current continually rushing from the cold cave to the warm atmosphere without, and frequently blowing out some of the lights. From the First to the Second Hoppers, where saltpetre is also manufactured, the distance is about a mile, and the cave is throughout nearly sixty feet high, and forty in width. For almost the whole way between the entrance and the Second Hoppers, the loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls on both sides, and a good hard road has been also made. Though a few torches cannot show it to perfection, the arches are in general regular, and the walls perpendicular.

Before the Second Hoppers are reached, several passages of nearly equal size branch off from the one generally followed, but the most of these return after a circuit, and intersect or join the main line. Beyond the Second Hoppers, the main passage expands to a height and width never less than sixty feet, which continues with little variation as far as the spot called the Chief City, an immense area, eight acres in extent, and without one pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole. Nothing can be more sublimely grand than this vault, which mocks the proudest of human erections. The Chief City is six miles from the mouth of the cave, and nearly straight south from it, though the approach is very circuitous. Five lofty avenues lead from this great area, each from sixty to a hundred feet in width, and from forty to eighty feet high.

We shall use the words of a visitor to the Mammoth Cave, Mr Nahum Ward, in describing the rest of it. Having entered the Chief City, Mr Ward determined to explore the avenues leading from it, and he thus details the result:—"The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave (in fact we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at a loss for the way out, on our return), was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two

miles. We then left it, and took another that led east, and then north, for more than two miles farther, and at last, in our windings, were brought out to another avenue into the Chief City again, after traversing different avenues for more than five miles.

We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area; and after having refreshed us and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time through an avenue almost north, and parallel with the avenue leading from the Chief City to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the Second City. This is covered with an arch, nearly two hundred feet high in the centre, and very similar to the First City, except in the number of avenues leading from it; this having but two. We passed through it, over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which led to the east about three hundred rods, when we came upon a third area about two hundred feet square, and fifty in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about sixty feet high, and which fell upon some broken stones, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

We then returned about one hundred yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our left, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about six yards, which carried us within the walls of the Fourth City, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue the farther end of which must be four miles from the Chief City, and ten from the mouth of the cave, we upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre-earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone boulders up on the other, evidently the work of human hands. I had expected from the course of my needle, that the avenue would have carried us round to the Chief City, but was sadly disappointed when I found the end, a few hundred yards from the Fourth City, which caused us to retrace our steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and were completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes. At length we found our way, and, weary and faint, entered the Chief City at ten at night. However, much fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out. We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the Chief City, which carried us south-east about nine hundred yards, when we entered the Fifth City, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewn with broken limestone. Fire-beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout this city. These fire-beds, or fire-places, are numerous in all the avenues of this extraordinary cave, though of less size, generally, than those now seen in the Fifth City. They prove beyond a doubt that this subterranean world was once inhabited by human beings, but what period of time this was the case, it is impossible even to conjecture. Certain it is, that the Red men, whom we are accustomed to call the aborigines of North America, knew nothing, in recent times, at least, of these caves. Cane seems to have been the fuel employed in warming these subterranean hearths.

We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue that carried us east about two hundred and fifty rods: finding nothing interesting in this passage we turned back, and crossed a massy pile of stones to the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed, but a few yards from this last-mentioned city, as we went out of it. After some difficulty in passing over the mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any I saw, running almost due south for five hundred rods, very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of the cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stones, called out, requesting me to follow him. I gathered up my papers and compass; and after giving my guide, who sat with his orders to remain where he was until we returned, and, moreover, to keep his lamp in good order, I followed after the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued stepping from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about ten feet in height, we entered on the side of a chamber at least one hundred and eighty feet in circumference, and whose arch is about one hundred and fifty feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows pointing downwards upon the slab-stones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of this area.

It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, 'where all things are hushed and Nature's self lies dead.' I must acknowledge I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed, since I entered the cave at eight in the morning. With the guide who was now with me, I took only one avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it to the distance of a mile in a southern direction, when my lamps forbade my going farther, as we were nearly exhausted. The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered; and how far

might have travelled, had our lights held out, is unknown.

It was nearly one o'clock when we descended 'the passage of the chimney,' as it is called, to the guide whom I had left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to the hall, hallooing with all his might, fearing we had lost our track in the ruins above. We returned over piles of saltpetre-earth and fire-beds, out of one avenue into another, until, at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the Chief City, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the Second Hoppers. I found, when in this large chamber, many curiosities, such as Glauber salts, Epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out with me. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted, and worn down with nineteen hours' continued fatigue.

I have described to you scarcely one-half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the Second Hoppers have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about sixty rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door: by sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner as to pass under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the Second Hoppers. It is called Glauber Salt Room, from salts of that kind being found there; there is also the Sick Room, the Bat Room, and the Flint Room, all of which are large, and some of them very long. The last I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the Second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west for more than two miles: this is called the Haunted Chamber, from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautiful, encrusted with limestone, spar, and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently fifty feet high, hung with rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful and romantic manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a chair formed of this spar, called Wilkins's arm-chair, which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar fluted, and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites, drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps. A part of the Haunted Chamber is directly over the Bat Room, which passes under the Haunted Chamber without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about one hundred yards from Wilkins's arm-chair, over the side of a smooth limestone-rock, ten or twelve feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we had gone 'to that bourne whence no traveller returns,' if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the Haunted Chamber, and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage twenty or thirty feet in width, and from ten to eighteen high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the farther part of this avenue, we came upon a reservoir of water very clear and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue, which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but about forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar and the basins they rest in, for splendour and beauty, surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as whitewash could have made it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path, that appeared to have been lately sunk, which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called the Pool of Clitorius, after the 'Fons Clitorius' of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that, after drinking of it, a person had no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and continually in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself, by my own want of forethought; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs

to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane, and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us till we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by Wilkins's arm-chair, and back to the Second Hoppers. I found a remarkable corpse or mummy at this place, whither it had been brought by Mr Wilkins, from another part of the cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried as to weigh but twenty pounds when I found it. The hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald, and the eyes sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect, even to the nails, and very delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as a person's at the age of fifty. The preservation of this body, doubtless, is owing to the saltpetre abounding in the earth of the cave.

She must have been some personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the order in which she was buried. Mr Wilkins informed me she was first found by some labourers, while digging for saltpetre-earth, in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, seated with the knees brought close to the body, which is erect; the hands clasped, and laid upon the stomach; the head upright. She was muffled up and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry: all which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever found in this country.

Among the articles was a musical instrument, made of two pieces of cane, put together something like the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers: she had likewise by her side a bowl of uncommon workmanship, and a Vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful. These trinkets and garments, exhumed with the mummy, though curious, do not throw much light on the subject of the former inhabitants of the great cave which has been described. If not of an Indian fashion, as Mr Ward avers, neither do they indicate the woman to have belonged to a highly civilised community. Probably the skull of the mummy, which is still in Mr Ward's possession, might point out, by its shape, the woman's race.

Much light, however, yet remains to be thrown on North American antiquities, and there is no spot, we think, more likely to assist in this, on further examination, than the Mammoth Cave.

STORIES OF NEIDPATH CASTLE.

EVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and who has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive Castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk and in sight of the picturesque little town of Peebles. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands, projects into the centre of the vale, at this point very narrow, and around the base of the knoll winds the pure and sparkling river. Immediately below, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A sort of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded nearly on every side by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with old Neidpath, like a grey-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, half ruinous though it now be. It is a tower of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness, and with a strong buttress added for support, on the side next to the water. The only part of the castle that is absolutely ruinous, is this buttress, the upper part of which fell away in consequence of an attempt on the part of one of its proprietors to excavate it into chambers. So excellent has been the mortar employed in the erection of the walls, that the fallen portion still lies, almost in one unbroken mass, on the bank of the Tweed, though river-floods and rains have beat upon it for more than a hundred years. On the sides looking towards the hill and down the vale (the only quarters from which an assault could be made formerly), the castle originally presented one wide expanse of dead wall, unbroken, save by here and there a loop-hole, through which a fox could scarcely have crept. As yet, there exist only two small modern windows, to admit light, in this direction. On the side towards the river, the sunbeams were somewhat more freely admitted into the fortress. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is ap-

proached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gate of which bore the arms (a stag's head) of the Frasers, once lords of this castle, and most probably its founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a narrow terrace, passing between two small turrets, and affording a most splendid view of the vale below.

Such is the exterior aspect of the Castle of Neidpath, one of the finest specimens, now in existence, of the baronial mansions of old. The interior of the stronghold is dark and gloomy. The outer door, a paltry wooden one of recent erection, opens into a large hall, so dark that a stranger entering the castle without a guide, would have to grope his way forwards. Yet, little more than fifty years ago, this place was sometimes inhabited, though very seldom certainly, by a duke! No doubt, the hall would have a different appearance, with a blazing, crackling, rousing fire of logs in it, or with a dozen torches illuminating it from noon till night. The hall leads to two flights of stairs, the one broad and modern, and the other narrow and old. Large, sombre, and ghastly are the apartments above, the windows deep as graves, and the floors and walls uneven, and dilapidated beyond help from carpet or paint. Almost every room has its name, such as the "duke's chamber," &c. Nor is there any want of traditionary tales to give a deeper interest to the old castle, in the eyes of those who love the romantic or the horrible. Of the former order is the legend of the Maid of Neidpath, already given in the Journal, and a more congenial scene for deeds and recollections of the latter character certainly could not be found than the dungeon in the lower part of the Castle of Neidpath. And of that very place a fearful tale is told, which we believe to have a foundation in truth. Let us narrate this tragedy to the reader.

After being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by William Duke of Queensberry, for his second son, the Earl of March. While possessed by this noble and his descendants, Neidpath and its environs became a scene of uncommon beauty. The eminence on which the castle is built, and the sloping ground below it, were laid out to a great extent in terraces, or parterres, the vestiges of which are perfectly visible at this day, though the flowers which once adorned them bloom there no more, and the fruit-trees still standing have nearly returned to the state of wildness from which cultivation had once emancipated them. It was in the days of the second Earl of March, that Neidpath Castle and its environs reached their highest pitch of adornment. And proud were its possessors of their fine old trees, their romantic walks and shelving gardens, at the foot of which rolled the pure and placid waters of the Tweed. In truth, the earl and his family carried these feelings to excess, and hereby hangs our tale.

One day, an old man was found reclining on a rustic seat, in the centre of the gardens of the castle, in a spot which the earl held sacred to his own family, and which he had expressly forbidden even his own servants to enter. The intruder was a beggar, an old and wasted creature, tottering from weakness, and covered with rags. On being carried before the earl, and commanded to explain how he came to be in the gardens, and what he sought there, the mendicant confessed, that, having seen one of the gates open, and being worn out by hunger, he had entered, in the hope of meeting in person with his lordship, and receiving from him that alms which had been denied at the castle gate. Lord March was passionate, and his gardens were the apple of his eye—or, it may be, he disbelieved the man's story—and, therefore, as an example to deter others from a similar offence, and quite in the spirit of a feudal age, he ordered the beggar to be thrown into the castle dungeon.

It chanced that on the day after this incident took place, the earl and countess, with their household, were to go to Edinburgh for a short time, leaving a trusty housekeeper in charge of the Castle of Neidpath. To Edinburgh, accordingly, the family proceeded, forgetting altogether, in the bustle of removal, the imprisonment of the poor beggar, which was also, unhappily, unknown to the housekeeper who was left behind.

When arrived in town, the earl and countess had many things to engage their attention, and one day passed over, then another, and another, and still the old man who had been consigned to the dungeon of Neidpath was unremembered. But on the third night, the countess's dreaming thoughts turned upon the subject which waking memory had failed to call up. She saw in her slumbers a wretched figure, stretched on the floor of a dungeon, with hollow cheek and glaring eye, and vainly crying, in a voice broken by exhaustion, for a drop of water to moisten his parched

tongue, and a morsel of food to allay the cravings of hunger. Shuddering at the imaginary spectacle, the countess awoke, with the occurrence at Neidpath fully recalled to her mind. She lost not an instant in informing her husband, and the consequence was, that a messenger was dispatched post-haste to relieve the unfortunate prisoner. Alas, it was too late! The old man was found lying in a little recess of the dungeon, perfectly dead, and, shocking to relate, with two of his fingers eaten partly from his hand! The niche in which this dismal spectacle was exhibited, is still pointed out to strangers who visit the Castle of Neidpath.

Assuredly, had such an action as this been perpetrated in our day, the doer of it would have been made to answer to the laws of his country. But at that time the case was very different, and on this point it may not be amiss to say a few words here. For the arbitrary, if not wrongous imprisonment, and the consequent destruction of life, in the instance now mentioned, Lord March was in reality *not responsible* to any person or tribunal in the country. He was *hereditary sheriff* of Tweeddale, and exercised an authority over the inhabitants of the district, equal to that entrusted to head courts of law, whether civil or criminal, in the present day. The same powers were possessed by several other great families in Scotland. This was a dangerous state of things for the liberties and lives of the great body of the people, but the evil would have been small had it rested here. The hereditary sheriffs (or rulers of shires) were necessarily limited in number, but almost every baron and proprietor claimed and exercised similar rights of jurisdiction, either in civil or in criminal matters, and most frequently in both, over the inhabitants of all the lands which were held of him, as *superior*, or feudal lord. To be superior, it must be observed, did not imply proprietorship. A person might sell lands, and yet retain the superiority of them; that is to say, might retain such rights of jurisdiction as those described, besides others to be noticed. What a wretched state of things was this, when a man could not settle in any corner of the land, without putting himself at the mercy of some *superior*, great or small, who might drag him before courts of baillie, barony, or regality, as the case might be, and put both property and life in danger! Nor was the case very much improved in royal burghs, since the magistrates of these places had their superiorities, and claimed their jurisdictions, as well as their aristocratic neighbours. To be sure, in the case of burghs, the power was in the hands not of an individual, but of a number of persons, which gave a better chance of justice. The worst feature, perhaps, of these petty jurisdictions, whether burghal or baronial, was their power of *seizing the effects* of parties condemned by their courts, or outlawed (a common thing then) for non-appearance. In the hereditary sheriffships, all fines, forfeitures, and amerciaments, went to the sheriff, to be applied to his own private uses. What a temptation was this to injustice! How often must persons have been thrown into dungeons, and condemned, from motives of gain!

Superiorities, it may also be noticed, were very oppressive as regarded the holding of property. The feudal superior had a hundred ways, legally in his power, of annoying and even ruining those who held lands of him. They were obliged to follow him in war, to appear at his courts, and to do many other services, the neglect of any one of which cost them their estates. In some cases the superior could force those who held of him, to marry whomsoever he chose; and if they disobeyed, or if they married without his leave, could lay them under the heaviest penalties. It would be out of place to enter here into further particulars on this subject, interesting as it certainly is in its nature. We shall only remark, in conclusion, that it was to these superiorities that the last civil wars in Scotland were mainly owing, from the power given by them to a few great chiefs, and that the true era of the commencement of Scottish prosperity and liberties was the year 1748, when these dangerous privileges were abolished.

Let us now return to the Castle of Neidpath. Many legends, besides that related, are told, as we have already said, of the fortress in its earlier days. But we prefer to tell to the reader a story, not of the days of Neidpath's grandeur, but of its decay, and which we have heard from the lips of a worthy old lady, one of the parties concerned. The incident in question occurred in the year 1785. At that period the last Duke of Queensberry was proprietor of the Castle of Neidpath, which, however, he seldom used as his residence, and, indeed, scarcely ever visited. He had, notwithstanding, some valuable property still remaining there, the charge of which, as well as of the castle itself, he entrusted to a worthy and respectable family of the neighbourhood. This family, consisting of several members, made Neidpath their usual residence; but at the time when the occurrence we are about to relate took place, it chanced that only two of the household were at home, both of whom were girls, the eldest not above eighteen or nineteen years of age. These young sisters were too familiar with the castle, gloomy as it was, to feel any disagreeable impressions from the loneliness of their situation, and they moved about the precincts as cheerfully as if they had been tripping in the centre of a ball-room.

Winter had set in gruffly and gustily, and on the night of the 6th of January, in particular, the wind howled wildly around the walls of old Neidpath. Its

fair young inmates listened to it, with the composure which habit brings, until the hour of bed-time arrived. Before they could retire to enjoy their repose, however, they required to proceed to an out-house where fuel and other things were kept, in order to procure some of these articles for next morning's use. Away they tripped, one of them carrying the key, and the other a lantern. On reaching the door, they attempted to open it, but found to their surprise that the key, which usually turned easily, would not now move in the lock. Again and again they tried it, but it resisted all their attempts. More than a quarter of an hour was spent by them in these fruitless trials, when, at length, with much reluctance and many expressions of vexation, they gave up the task as hopeless, returned within doors, and shortly after retired to their peaceful rest.

Their lives, in all human probability, were saved by what they conceived to be an annoying accident! At the moment when they were standing at the door of the out-house, exerting their whole strength upon the refractory lock, there stood inside a daring and reckless robber, one who, six days before, had broken from the Edinburgh Tolbooth, where, after a long career of crime, he had been lodged on a charge of three several housebreakings, committed within the four or five preceding months. With what feelings this hardened villain listened to the attempts of those outside to open the door of the place into which he had made a forcible and nefarious entry, must remain, to a certain extent, a matter of conjecture; but from a circumstance we shall shortly notice, it seems probable that he would have ensured his own safety even at the price of blood, had the two helpless girls found the admittance they sought. A chest containing a considerable quantity of plate, the property of the duke, stood in the out-house (which was a strong and secure place), and it was this which had tempted the thief to pick the lock, and enter the building. The injury thus done to the lock (the bolt of which he forced back again on entering, thus shutting himself in) preserved the sisters from danger, if not from death. How the man had discovered the existence of plate in that place, remained a mystery; but certain it is, that the plate was there, and that the felon carried it off.

The robbery was discovered in the morning by the sisters, and it was not long ere the author of it was also discovered and seized. His dissipated habits got the better of his caution. In a village at no great distance from Neidpath, he stopped at an inn, and, as payment for some liquor which he called for, offered a silver spoon to the landlord. The circumstance was unusual, and, further, to excite suspicion, the March arms were engraved on the spoon. The landlord therefore detained his guest, till assistance being obtained, he examined the man, and found him in possession of the stolen plate. The culprit was then removed to Peebles, and taken in charge by the authorities there, by whom he was speedily removed to Edinburgh, and redelivered in the Tolbooth, where he was at once recognised as Archibald Stewart, the notorious burglar, who had broken the same prison little more than a week before.

On the 14th of March 1785, Stewart was tried in the Justiciary Court, on four charges of housebreaking, the last of which was the robbery at Neidpath Castle. The sisters were brought to town, to give evidence in the case; and the body of testimony on all the counts was so strong, that the prisoner was found guilty and condemned to death. While he lay in prison during the interval preceding his execution, the sisters of Neidpath visited the unhappy man in his cell. It is impossible to describe precisely the motives which led them to take this step. They had the impression on their minds that their death would have been the consequence of their succeeding in opening the door of the place where Stewart was committing his depredations, and they inquired of him what his thoughts were at that exciting moment, when their hands were at the lock. He conversed freely with them on all other points, but to this question he would give no reply. His silence seemed to them more expressive than words. Arrived now, as they both are, at a good old age, they still regard that moment as the most critical one in their lives.

On the 20th of April following, Stewart was executed, pursuant to his sentence, on a gibbet erected at the west end of the Old Tolbooth—the Heart of Mid-Lothian—now taken away—being the first who suffered at that place. The out-house at Neidpath, which was the scene of his last crime, is now a ruin, as are also all the other edifices attached to the castle. The castle itself shows the marks of time more and more sadly every day, in all parts but the walls, which are as hard as the solid rock, and appear to defy decay. A gamekeeper in the employment of the Earl of Wemyss, who succeeded to the property, as one of the heirs to the Queensberry estates, is now the only occupant of Neidpath.

We cannot refrain, in conclusion, from giving here the poet Wordsworth's indignant denunciation of the conduct of the last Duke of Queensberry, whose hand fell more heavily on the beauties of Neidpath, than that of time itself:—

Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame takes him) that he could send forth word,
To level with the dust a noble house,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,

Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplore
The fate of these old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born, October 29, 1796, of humble parents, who resided in Moorfields, London. While a mere boy at a school in Enfield, he gave such tokens of the possession of poetical talents, as attracted the attention of his teachers, by whom he was encouraged to compose exercises in verse. At the age of fifteen, he was bound as an apprentice to a surgeon in the metropolis, and in this situation he continued to devote much of his attention to poetry; but it was not till he had completed his twentieth year that any effort was made by himself or his friends to bring his productions before the world. About the close of the year 1816, a sonnet of his composition having been received into the Examiner newspaper, a friend of the young poet called upon the editor, Mr Leigh Hunt, with a few similar productions, to which the attention of that gentleman was respectfully invited, but without the disclosure of the author's name. According to Mr Hunt's own declaration, he had not been led by experience of such matters to expect much pleasure from the perusal of them; but his eye had not wandered over a dozen lines of the compositions now submitted to him, when he found reason to believe that their author was, in the highest sense of the word, a poet. In an article, accordingly, entitled *Young Poets*, which appeared in the Examiner of the 1st of December 1816, John Keats was introduced in favourable terms to public notice, in conjunction with two individuals, one of whom at least has amply fulfilled the anticipations of the critic. From that time pieces by Mr Keats appeared occasionally in the Examiner, till, in May of the ensuing year, these and other poems, chiefly composed in his teens, were presented to the world in a volume bearing his name. About the same time, Mr Keats abandoned his profession, the duties of which had never been agreeable to him.

The volume was such as might have been expected from a mind so young and inexperienced, and which was intoxicated with the spirit of poetry, rather than possessed of its power. It was full of obscure gleamings of something fine, but at the same time replete with rhodomontade and errors in point of taste. Even the editor of the Examiner, who had been the first to speak favourably of Mr Keats' talents, and to exert himself to make them known, mingled, with the praise he bestowed on this volume, many censures and many warnings. Yet, with all its faults, it contained passages which every unprejudiced person of poetical feeling must have pronounced to be in the highest degree beautiful—such, for instance, as the following "Aspiration after Poetry."

O Poetry! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sun-beams to the great Apollo
Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
The overwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear meander
Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
Of awfule shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

Having fully committed himself to a literary life, Mr Keats produced, in the ensuing year, another volume, entitled "Endymion, a Poetic Romance," in which neither the faults nor the beauties of the former were in any degree diminished. The subject was the well-known classic fable of the loves of Endymion and the Moon. The characters and histories of the Greek mythology, and the fine poetry in which they have been embalmed by the ancients, had made a deep impression on this young poet, and he had pondered and dreamed upon them till they grew into a new being under his hands. To a mind so entranced and contemplative as his, the tale of Endymion naturally became something far beyond and above what it appears in the classic originals; and the consequence was, a pouring forth of a long chain of dreamy and mystical but most poetical imaginings upon the subject, the whole moulded into the form of a tale. It

with the description of a procession, from which the following are extracts:—

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busied, into that self-same lawn,
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children, whose glad
Who, gathering round the altar, seemed to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which even then
Filled out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings with a gentle wave
To light-hung leaves, a smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad valleys—ere their death, overtaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

Lending the way young damsels danced along
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker, over brimmed
With April's tender younglings; next, well trimmed,
A crowd of shepherds with as sun-burnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music through the vales of Thesaly:
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes; close after these
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly
Begit with ministering looks; away his eye
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.

In Endymion there are many detached lines and couplets of great beauty. He speaks of Zephyrus, the deity of the west wind,

Fondling the flower amid the sobbing rain.

He describes Peona, the sister of Endymion, sitting beside him while he slept,

— as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it.

Endymion wanders

Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath and many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away.

Of a drowned maiden, he says,

— Cold, oh cold indeed,
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed,
The sea-wind took her hair.

The beauties of this poem were perceived, beneath its extravagances, by many individuals of talent; but there were a few critics, of political professions opposed to those of Mr Keats's principal friends, who, for no other reason, apparently, than his having received friendship at such hands, undertook to denounce his poetical pretensions—a task which it was not difficult to perform, as his poetry contained a sufficient number of passages to convince any one not disposed to look farther, that he was little better than a raver. No man who has entered the world since those dismal times, could well believe that the spirit of politics could so far blind men of education and talent to the natural sense of justice, as to allow them to compose the papers which appeared respecting "Endymion," in the two chief periodical works of the party opposed to the friends of the author. "Calm, settled, imperturbable, drivelling idiocy," were the terms applied to a poem characterised, as has been allowed, by much extravagance, but which was only so in consequence, apparently, of the excess in which the author was gifted with the poetical spirit. He was also recommended to "go back to the shop, back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes," as being unfit to prosecute the higher calling of the muse. The effect of these vituperations upon the mind of so young and sensitive a being, was very severe, and is said to have evidently operated in increasing the consumptive symptoms which his constitution was already exhibiting. To stigmatise the vituperators would be now of little service; but let the fact be a warning to future writers. Between assaults which wound and murder the body, and unconscious criticisms which torture and destroy the mind, where is the difference?

About two years after the publication of Endymion, and when far advanced in the disease of which he died, Keats published his last volume, entitled "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes, and other Poems." The second of these pieces is a tale on the groundwork of one in Boccaccio. It contains the following beautiful passage respecting the attachment of the hero and heroine, Lorenzo and Isabella:—

With every morn their love grew tender,
With every eve, deeper and deeper still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir;
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broiery with the same;
He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber window he would catch
Her beauty fairer than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers, he would watch,
Because her face was turned to the same skies:
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning step upon the stair.

In the Eve of St Agnes there is one peculiarly beautiful picture—Madeline kneeling by moonlight, in a convent, beneath a window of stained glass—

A casement high and triple arched there was,
All garlanded with carven images
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

As are the tyer-moth's deep damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of kings and queens.
Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew pale;
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

In an imperfect poem entitled Hyperion, which appeared in this volume, and related to the dethronement of Saturn by Jupiter, and the later gods taking the places of the early powers of heaven and earth, Mr Keats' genius rose to a height which we do not think has been surpassed, or even reached, by any modern poet. His singular imagination here carries the reader into the times of the dawning mythology of Greece, which he renders instinct with a life and nature quite of his own forming. All is huge, gloomy, and wonderful. The deposed Saturn is thus described—

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade.

Along the margin sand large foot-marks went,
No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realm eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

There is also an ode to the Nightingale, full of sweet poetry, and touching in a most affecting manner on his own sad state. It is worthy of being given entire—

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where to the young is bound the breath of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charlied by Baccus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poetry.

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And happy the queen-moon is on her throne;
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-may's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkest I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with envious death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fond to do, deceiving and

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

Soon after the publication of his last volume, the Edinburgh Review noticed his works in such a candid and generous spirit, as must have compensated, if any thing could now have compensated, for the malignity of other critics, and arrested, if any thing could now have arrested, his progress towards the tomb. While acknowledging the existence of faults, the reviewer spoke of his works as "flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewn with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present." He added, with reference to the Endymion, which had been so abused elsewhere, "We do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." While these praises were passing upon his writings, the young poet was on his way to Italy, in the hope of staying the progress of his malady. After his arrival in that country, he revived for a short time, but soon grew worse. A few weeks before his death, a gentleman sitting close by his bed-side, spoke of an inscription to his memory. He expressed his dislike of the proposal—he wished that there should be no mention of his name or country; "or if any," said he, "let it be—*Here lies the body of one whose name was writ in water.*" He breathed his last on the 23d of February 1821, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

According to his earliest literary friend and patron, "Mr Keats had a very naive as well as delicate spirit. He was personally courteous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money. His patrimony, which was inconsiderable, he freely used in part, and even risked altogether, to relieve the wants of others, and forward their views. He was handsome, with remarkably beautiful hair, curling in natural ringlets."

VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

AFTER passing the house containing the collection of monkeys, described in our last article, and examining the antelopes and some other animals, we find an enclosure for beavers, consisting of a little piece of water with neat little wooden houses for the creatures to reside in. Adjacent to this spot stands a building with open caged fronts, containing certain middle-sized birds of the falcon and vulture genera. Not being much interested in these voracious animals, we pass on to a building containing a very large collection of birds of the parrot tribe. The spectacle here is very curious. Let the reader conceive the idea of a lofty apartment, measuring, perhaps, 35 feet by 20, and lighted from the roof, entirely surrounded with cages, each cage containing at least one pair of birds, and these birds of the most extraordinary variety of size and colour. The brilliancy of the colours is very striking. On all sides flutter creatures with feathers of green, red, yellow, and gold, and along the middle of the apartment is seen ranged up a number of open perches, crowded with a variety of macaws and cockatoos. Some of the parrots, or paroquets, are not much larger than sparrows, and exceedingly beautiful; but all the birds in the collection, whether large or small, are equally odious from their harsh grating cries, which soon banish the visitor from the apartment.

Near the parrot house is situated a large enclosure, partly water and partly a patch of green meadow, containing a variety of swans, cormorants, and numerous other water-fowl. Along the borders of this enclosure we now bend our course; and it being a hot day, we behold the cormorant comfortably seated beneath the sprinkling of the jet of water, appearing the very picture of enjoyment. A beautiful white stork is seen moping by the water's edge, or stalking about upon the grass; and as we throw in a few pieces of biscuit, a variety of web-footed birds, of different species, come forward to partake of our liberality. The swift-running, long-legged, whistling ducks of the West Indies, are among the most conspicuous; and we recognise the beautiful sheldrake of this country, with its very peculiar gait; also the British barnacle and Brent geese, the Magellanic goose, and that of the Sandwich Islands. Of the great variety of birds of the goose and duck tribe which resort to the British islands in winter, the sheldrake is one of the very few which habitually stay to breed in the island, nesting always in rabbit-burrows by the sea-side, on various parts of the coast; and it is curious, that, in a state of domestication, it refuses to breed unless the female be provided with a burrow into which she may retire for the purpose of laying. The species has bred several times in the Zoological Gardens, as have also some interesting foreign water-fowl during the present season: the black swan, for instance, is now attended by her third brood, having hatched some cygnets so early as the month of January. We perceive that the male black swan takes great pride in defending his progeny, and attacks and drives off the cormorant, if it ventures within a certain distance. It is curious that the progress of discovery should have led to the knowledge of a black species of swan, which is one of the many interesting natural productions indigenous to Australia, where there also exists a white swan with a black neck. The term *black swan* was formerly pro-

verbal as applied to any very remarkable, or, perhaps, dubious phenomenon, as its existence was held to be about equally probable with that of the phoenix. The animal, however, is not altogether black, as, when it flaps its wings, it will be seen that a large portion of these are pure white. At the farther end of this enclosure, a moderate-sized portion is partitioned off, where a beautiful white specimen of the swan goose, a Chinese species, is seen attended by as many as twenty goslings of the Egyptian goose, which, we understand, are the produce of two females. In the present summer season, a great variety of young broods are to be seen in all parts of the garden.

The path where we now are is bordered on the other side by a series of erections, or rather with one long curving erection, partitioned off into a number of compartments, inhabited by various birds of the crane, heron, and stork families, with also one or two pairs of the more remarkable breeds of fancy pigeons allotted to each. They have all a covered place at the back, wherein to retire at pleasure, and a branching stump of a tree on which to perch, if so inclined. In the first, however, a large bare-necked adjutant is imprisoned alone, it being the custom of these birds to dine off any companions of small or moderate size. The adjutants are merely gigantic storks, with a naked neck, and proportionally thicker bill, which is, however, extremely light. Its cutting edges are so sharp, and the momentum it acquires from its size so considerable, that the head of a cat, for instance, is readily severed at a snap. Different species of these ugly and large, but useful birds, are distributed over the torrid regions of both continents, where in most places they are encouraged for their great utility, as their relatives the storks are in Europe. In India particularly, they abound, and are seen every where stalking about the towns, or resting on house-tops, watching for any offal that may be thrown out; being the scavengers of those parts, and sharing that useful office with the vultures and jackals, and other analogous races. The valuable Marabou plumes are the produce of a South American bird of this description. It may be added, as a curious fact, of which few persons are aware, that, during the reign of Henry VIII., the kite, which has now become a rare bird in most parts of Britain, was extremely plentiful about the streets of London, where it seems that they were attracted by the offal of butchers' and poulterers' stalls; and as, on account of their use in removing so extensive a nuisance, they were not allowed to be killed, they became so fearless as actually to mingle with the passengers, and take their prey in the very midst of crowds. Even at the present time, many kestrels, and a few penguin falcons, annually breed within the precincts of the metropolis; and we remember an instance of a kite having been shot off one of the church steeples.

A very fine specimen of that singular bird, called the serpent-eater, which may be described as a hawk tilted on the long legs of a crane, lives in perfect amity with some crowned cranes, and a pair of white spoonbills, in one of the partitions of this aviary. The serpent-eater inhabits South Africa, where it is fostered like the carrion-eating birds, for its equally, if not more valuable services; being the chief natural destroyer of the venomous snakes which are met with in that portion of the globe. It is very curious to see him attack one. Watching his occasion, he suddenly darts forward, and descends with a violent stamp upon his prey, then as quickly retreats: this manoeuvre being repeated again and again till he sees his prey disabled, he places one foot upon its neck, and mangles its head thoroughly, before he devours it. The tall serpent-eater is a very remarkable looking bird, with a pendant fan-like crest on the hinder part of its head. It is a species quite by itself in the system, none of the hawk or vulture tribe at all approaching it in appearance.

That picturesque bird the heron, and the European night heron, are seen, each upon one leg, and fixed as motionless as statues. We also observe several beautiful specimens of the crane family. The graceful attitudes and unconstrained carriage of these birds contrast strikingly with the fixed and contracted posture of the slouching stork and moping heron tribe. There are three principal groups of cranes, examples of all of which may here be seen alive: the large grey Cygnus crane of India, with its singular loud and often-repeated cry, is the largest pertaining to that division, with heads more or less bare, which comprises the common crane of Europe; secondly, the elegant demoiselles, as they are called, of Africa, which have the back plumage long and pendant, reaching to the ground, are here represented by two exquisitely beautiful species—namely, the small demoiselle, a most graceful bird, of a delicate ash colour, relieved with black and white, and adorned with ornamental tufts of white feathers on the sides of the head; and the great Stanley demoiselle, a large and stately bird, of which the head is covered with feathers of peculiar texture, which are almost constantly erected, though presenting still an even surface, making the head appear of about double its natural size, and having considerably more the look of a grey inflated skin than of raised plumage. The third of these groups is composed of the handsome crowned cranes, also of Africa. These birds are distinguished by a large crest of singular appearance, having the crown adorned with numerous divergent bristle-like feathers of equal length. The common crane of Europe used formerly to breed in the fenny counties of England, but the progress of cultivation, and gradual drainage of the marshes,

have now long banished it from these realms; and its only claim to rank as a British bird, at present rests on the circumstance of an occasional straggler, one, perhaps, in the course of several years, being killed in the island; though in Holland these birds are still not rare in the seasons of passage. Cranes differ much from the heron and stork tribe in their internal anatomy, and live on the same food as common poultry. They migrate in prodigious flocks, which are noted for the beautiful order in which they are marshalled, and fly with the neck extended, instead of doubling it up close, as do the storks and herons. All of them utter loud cries, as is the case with most gregarious migratory birds that fly by night, and for the production of which their organs of voice are of most remarkable conformation.

There are some duplicate specimens of the curassow tribe in this aviary, but we shall only now notice the storks and spoonbills, three species of the former of which are amongst its inhabitants. Two of these, the white and black storks of Europe, are included in the catalogue of rare British birds, being from time to time killed in this country. The white stork, indeed, we are quite confident, were it allowed to settle quietly, instead of being barbarously shot as often as it appears, would soon colonise our fenny districts, as it abounds throughout the neighbouring country of Holland, where it is protected and much valued by the inhabitants, on the roofs of whose houses it commonly places its massive nest, and rears its unfledged young unmolested. The black stork, a handsome species, with plumage of coloured metallic lustre, is less disposed to become familiar with mankind, at least when in a state of nature, though it is quite as easily domesticated as the other when brought up young, or even when captured old, and deprived of liberty for a time. Storks are remarkable for having no muscles to the larynx, in consequence of which they are utterly deprived of voice, though they produce a singular and loud noise by clattering their bills in an odd manner. They are very indiscriminate feeders, and we have known one to watch for hours beside a hole which it had seen a rat enter, and seize it and gulp it whole the instant the animal made its appearance. Those singular birds, the spoonbills, differ but in few particulars from the storks, and chiefly in the shape of their bills, from which they are named, and the different regimen on which they consequently subsist. We have been informed that a large flock of them attempted to make a settlement some years ago in Aberdeenshire, but the whole neighbourhood rose in arms, and were not satisfied till they had killed or driven the whole of these harmless visitants from the neighbourhood. A novel object does not stand much chance of remaining unmolested in any part of Britain.

The next separate enclosures, containing a rocky cavern, pond, and evergreen shrubs, is the abode of two pairs of pelicans, of the common large white species, tinged with a roseate hue, which inhabits Southern Europe and Africa. They are perfectly tame, and will permit of as close an examination as can be desired.

From these we pass onward to the habitation of a pair of emus from New Holland. The emu is a bird which resembles the ostrich in size, and belongs to the same natural order. There are other specimens of this large species in a different part of the garden, situated near the ostriches, cassowaries, and other analogous gigantic races, where they are seen to better advantage than in this paddock. Proceeding to this part of the garden, we again encounter a long series of trellis-houses, or roomy aviaries, where a considerable number of poultry or game birds engage the attention. Both species of peacocks here unfold their gorgeous trains, that of Japan being distinguished from the Indian or common race by the very different form of its crest, and diverse colour of the neck, which is green, each feather bordered with another shade. They are otherwise very similar; though the Japanese bird possesses one great advantage over its Indian congener, in having a less grating voice; beside which, the cry which it does emit is seldom heard.

A long-protracted, clear, whistling note, gradually dying away, and repeated at intervals, naturally leads us to look about to ascertain the species from which it proceeds, and we trace it to the handsome crested curassow, a large black bird, with a singular erectile curling crest, with white plumage from the breast downwards, and brilliant yellow on the tarsal part of its beak. We perceive, also, several other curassows, of different species, all of which are natives of Brazil and other districts of South America, and differ from the rest of the poultry tribe in always building upon trees. We observe, too, that the individuals before us are commonly seen perched, and that they fly up without that whirling noise so noticeable in the pheasants, grouse, and partridges, with which we are familiar. The Zoological Society have tried much to introduce these showy and large birds into our poultry yards, though hitherto without success, on account of the difficulty of getting them to breed; the quality of their flesh is excelled by that of none of our most esteemed poultry or game birds. One of the prizes at present offered by the society is for the rearing of the greatest number of young curassows.

But what truly splendid fowl is this we now see emerging from his place of retirement at the back, and accompanied by a female Guinea fowl, of more unobtrusive but almost as beautifully marked plumage? It belongs to a gorgeous genus of birds from the mountains

of India, which have the general air and carriage of pheasants, but short partridge-like tails and plumage of glowing red, mingled with purple and other bright colours, and every where dotted over (as in the Guinea fowl) with round white spots; the head and neck are bald, but of a vivid purple, and the head is furnished with two singular erectile appendages, which may be likened to that which hangs over the beak of the turkey; whence these birds have been commonly designated "horned pheasants." The wooded slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, and other similar ranges of tropical Asia, as far as China and Japan, abound with exquisitely beautiful races of wild poultry, the greater number of which have not hitherto been brought alive to Europe. Of the true pheasant genus alone, it is astonishing how many species exist, all of which have alike originated in the east.

Two or three species of jungle fowls, the wild origin of our domestic cocks and hens (which, it is most singular, are without a definite name), interest the observer not only from this circumstance, but from the elegance of their make, and the smoothness and cleanliness of their exterior, which is not rivalled by any of the domestic breeds, of which the game fowls offer the nearest approximation. We have no doubt whatever that the domestic fowls are a blended race, derived from a plurality of original stocks, which always continue separate in wild nature. Different species of these birds inhabit, in the wild state, India and the various Malay countries.

Of the pheasant genus, are here seen the gorgeous golden pheasant from China; the larger and delicately marked silver pheasant, from the same country, equally beautiful, in our opinion, with the last; the eastern breed of ring pheasants; and our common native species, which, however, as is well known, was also originally introduced from the east. All these birds will thrive when turned out loose into the woods of England, in several of which the golden and silver pheasants have become abundant; the silver pheasant has, however, been found to drive away the common species, being a bird of superior size and prowess, and not a little pugnacious. There is also in one of these aviaries, an extremely beautiful hybrid bird, raised between the common domestic fowl and one of Reeve's pheasants.

And now the visitor may comfortably seat himself for a while on one of the shaded rustic seats, or within a honeysuckle bower, of which he has the choice of many in different parts of the garden. He is now amid a wilderness of flowers, disposed in gay parterres, diffusing a delightful fragrance around; and while, on the one side, he hears, from time to time, the plaintive whistle of the curassow, on the other he overlooks a green field, where camels, Brahmin cattle, curious varieties of sheep, a beautiful zebra, and many other interesting creatures, may be seen grazing at large, and enjoying a range almost as grateful to them as that of their native woods and wilds.

THE FRENCH CONSCRIPTION.

THE wars of the French revolution were attended with as prodigious a slaughter of the human race, as any continuous scene of bloodshed recorded in history. The conquest of Asia by Alexander cost fewer lives than the aggressive wars of Napoleon alone. Even before the rise of this singular man, the raising of such numerous armies as were required for the purposes of defence or aggression, had become a matter of great difficulty. The usual modes by which forces are recruited, were found totally inadequate to supply the incessant demands for fresh soldiers. The enthusiasm which had led such numbers to flock to the standard of the Republic in the first days of freedom, had died away, and left in its place a settled antipathy to the horror and desolation of the military service. The patriotism of Frenchmen seemed rapidly expiring, and the Directory, already sinking fast into contempt, deemed it expedient to adopt a bold and decisive expedient for calling soldiers into existence, and bringing up their young citizens in the paths of "honour and glory," as wading in human blood is generally called.

The plan propounded was to raise, by forced levies, or by way of conscription, as many soldiers as the service of the state might from time to time be found to require. Its first author is stated to have been Carnot, and the era of its regular introduction into France was the year 1798, when an unusually large demand was made by the generals of the Republic for recruits. In the law which announced the measure to the French nation, it is declared to be based on the grand and leading principle, that "every Frenchman is a soldier, and must march to the defence of the country when it is declared in danger." It is asserted that, in ordinary circumstances, "the land army is formed by voluntary enlistment, and by means of the military conscription." As the system of voluntary enlistment was by no means in fashion at the time, the law proceeds to unfold with great minuteness that of the forcible conscription.

Necessity as the exigencies of the state, that is, the necessity for soldiers, increased, various improvements were effected in the original plan of M. Carnot. The "code de conscription" received its final polish from the practised hand of Napoleon, and an inspection of its details, when thus matured, will enable the reader to form some estimate of the miseries and hardships inflicted on private families, during the most triumphant part of the career of that extraordinary man.

In the first place, France was divided into departments, the number of which fluctuated with the requirements of the nation. The departments were divided into districts, or *arrondissements*, from three to five in number; and these again into cantons, and the cantons into municipalities. A prefect was at the head of each department, and a sub-prefect at the head of the *arrondissement*, each assisted by a council. The cantons and municipalities were superintended by the civil authorities, with a president at their head. Thus a regular gradation in the several authorities was established; and all were bound, under the severest penalties, to act in their several capacities in the execution of the laws of the conscription. Therefore, when a levy was ordered, each department had its proportion assigned to it by the minister of war, according to population. The prefect distributed the contingent among the districts, and the sub-prefect among the cantons and municipalities.

Those liable to be called to the conscription, were young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. Five separate lists were formed each year, dividing all of the requisite ages into distinct classes, the first embracing those who had completed their twentieth year on the 22d September preceding; the second, those who had completed their twenty-first year at the same period; and so on up to twenty-five. These lists included the name, age, stature, profession, and residence, of each conscript, collected from the parish registers, or from public notoriety. The conscripts of each canton were then assembled, and examined as to any plea of exemption they might have to allege. When these were disposed of, lists were formed of those competent to serve, whether present or absent, and the mayor or presiding officer proceeded to the drawing or designation by lot, of such as were to constitute the quota of the district. Tickets, regularly numbered to the amount of the names on the lists, were publicly deposited in an urn, and indiscriminately drawn out by the conscripts or their friends. The fatal lot fell upon those who drew the numbers below the amount of the quota. The higher numbers drawn by the rest were annexed to their names, in order that they might be forthcoming in their order, should any casualty disable their predecessors.

These were the conscripts of the *active service*. An equal number was required for the conscription of the *reserve*, who were to march only in cases of emergency. They were, however, regularly organised and carefully disciplined within their own department, from which they were not suffered to absent themselves. A third body was also created of supplemental conscripts, who were to supply any vacancies that might occur from death, desertion, or any other cause, in either of the two former corps, as no deficiency was permitted on any account whatever in the amount of the contingent.

No delay was permitted in sending off the conscripts, destined for the active service. They were immediately collected, and marched under an escort of gendarmes, and in bodies strictly limited to the number of a hundred, to various quarters or depôts throughout the empire, and there first supplied with arms and clothing. The conscripts from the same department were never permitted to exist in separate battalions, but were individually draughted into and scattered through different corps of the pre-existing army, to which they were marched in small detachments, and generally from a very considerable distance. By this dispersion amongst the veteran soldiers, the disaffection of the new conscripts evaporated, whilst they were gradually assimilated to their companions. Thus, far from the sphere of domestic attractions, with no hope of escape, and conscious that their destiny was irrevocably fixed, they were soon moulded into the mere machines desired by the general, the character as well as the qualities of the citizen being obliterated from their minds.

Notwithstanding these precautions, desertions were very frequent amongst the conscripts; and hence every law on the subject contains the most severe denunciations, not only against deserters, but against what are called *refractory* conscripts. This latter description applied to those youths who appeared sullen or disaffected to the service; and for their especial benefit, nine garrison towns were designated as schools for their regeneration. Here they were subjected to a most rigid discipline, and made to work in the arsenals or on the roads, clad in a particular uniform, with their heads closely shaved. Five years constituted the term allotted to this confinement, though, if they gave signs of reformation, they were allowed earlier to be drafted into the army. Upon deserters the penalties were much more severe, being, according to the circumstances of the case, either, 1st, death; 2d, the punishment of the ball (*la peine du boulet*); or, 3d, public or hard labour. The nature of the second punishment was rather singular. An iron ball of eight pounds weight, fastened to an iron chain of seven feet in length, was attached to the leg of the deserter. With this drag he was compelled to labour for ten hours every day, and to pass the remaining hours heavily chained in solitary confinement. The punishment lasted ten years, during which time they were not permitted to have any change of raiment, or to have their heads shaved or cut, though their hands and upper lips were to be shaved once a-week.

In addition to these penalties, a fine of 1500 francs (at that time equal to upwards of £1,100 sterling) was in every case of desertion to be exacted from the cul-

prit; and if he had not sufficient funds himself, the sum was to be levied inexorably on the property of his father or mother. If the desertion took place in the department to which the conscript belonged, and in the opinion of the prefect his parents favoured his concealment, they were themselves to be subjected to all the pains inflicted on deserters. (Decree of 22d December 1812.)

In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, desertions continued to multiply, and the following proclamation of Le Febvre, Duke of Danzig, may be considered a precious morsel in proof of the fact. It is addressed "to the Conscripts," and thus runs:—"The invitations which have been addressed to you, to induce you to return to the path of honour, have failed. You have been deaf and insensible to the paternal measures of the government in your behalf. I forewarn you that the steps about to be taken against you will be terrible. The conscripts who shall not return to their posts at the stipulated time, will be punished as infamous deserters, as robbers of the public funds, as enemies of their country. The public indignation will reach them in the most secret retreats. It will be considered a duty to expel from society vile wretches who would dishonour it."

In the desperation to which the conscripts were driven by the hopeless prospect before them, it was usual for them to mutilate themselves, to escape the evils of military service; but, by repeated decrees, such unfortunates were even worse treated than the conscripts. They were placed at the disposal of government, to be employed in the naval service, to be sent to the colonies as public labourers, or made useful in any degrading occupation that the minister might select. The same punishment was awarded against those who should counterfeit any disease or bodily incapacity, and against all who should assist in the deception. At the same time it was enacted, that no Frenchman, "having been or being subject to the conscription," should be admitted to the exercise of any civil right, to any public function, or salaried office; or "should be permitted to succeed to any inheritance wholly or partially, whether as immediate or collateral heir; or receive, directly or indirectly, any legacy, annuity, gift, or any other benefit whatsoever," without producing a certificate from the authorities of his department that he had fulfilled the duties of the conscription, and that he had not been drawn for the active service, or, having been drawn, had duly joined the army. Thus the due enforcement of this most rigorous and frightful law, which broke in upon the peace and happiness of every family in the kingdom, was secured by regulations equally cruel and complete.

Certain pleas of exemption were allowed in particular cases. By the law of the Directory, conscripts who were married, or were widowers with children previous to the annual drawing, were freed from active service. But it was discovered, as is pretended, that this exemption caused premature marriages, and it was annulled, so that young men who had married on the faith of this law, were remorselessly torn from their youthful wives and helpless infants. The only exceptions that were afterwards permitted were, 1st, On account of diseases or bodily infirmities of such a nature as to disable the conscript from active service. Three military officers were the judges appointed to decide upon the validity of this plea, who were jocosely enough called a "jury." 2d, The eldest brother of an orphan family, or the only son of a widow, or of a labouring man above the age of seventy-one. 3d, A conscript who had a brother in the active service; but this exemption was only permitted to be once claimed. Any of these were allowed to be transferred to the reserve, when the favour was solicited. How eagerly these exemptions were claimed, and what risks were sometimes run in attempting to establish them, a few cases from the records of the criminal courts of France will sufficiently show. The following case occurred in August 1807:—Jean Vidal senior, of the commune of Orbon, in order to enfranchise his son from the conscription, had employed a false document, knowing it to be false. This document was the record of his birth, in which it was stated that he was born in 1734, although the real period of his birth was 1744. His object was to make it appear that he had attained the age of seventy-one, and therefore entitled to claim for his only son the indulgence of the law. The special court of criminal justice by a decree condemned this old man to eight years' labour in irons, to be branded with a hot iron on the left shoulder, to an exposure of six hours, and to pay the expenses of the prosecution, and of four hundred copies of the decree!

The following case is from the *Journal de l'Empire*, August 2, 1807:—"The Tribunal of Corrective Police of Paris finished yesterday the trial of seven persons charged with extortion from conscripts. Tessiere, a surgeon's apprentice, was accused of having blown into the eyes of a multitude of conscripts a powder calculated to excite inflammation, and of having received from their friends for this service various sums between 2000 and 3000 livres from each. Six other persons were accused of making him known to different conscripts, and of sharing in his profits. When one of these, a goldsmith, named Lugo, the father of three children, took his place at the bar, his wife was carried to the grave, having died of fright when she was told that her husband had been summoned to appear before the tribunal to answer to a charge connected with the conscription. This melancholy catastrophe induced the tribunal to mitigate his pu-

nishment. The rest, and among them a woman of respectability, suffered the utmost rigour of the law."

Conscripts who were rich and fortunate enough to procure substitutes, were, under certain regulations, permitted to avail themselves of that indulgence. In such a case, the conscript had to furnish the equipment of his proxy, who was required to be between the ages of 25 and 40, of a height at least as great as that of his principal, of a robust constitution, of a good character, certified by his municipality, and himself beyond the reach of the conscription. He was to bear the name of his principal, in order that the latter might be known, and compelled to march, should his substitute desert, or be missing from any other cause than death or wounds received in battle within the term of two years. The price of proxies capable of meeting all these requisites was very considerable, being generally about £200 or £300.

The practices which grew up under this "Code de Conscription," were as flagitious and demoralising as the law itself. It appears that it became a trade with certain wretches to maintain, in houses appropriated for the purpose, a number of men who could act as substitutes, and to sell them out at high prices to conscripts who were in search of proxies. Such substitutes were generally of a very low class, and received but a small part of the sums for which they were sold. The police interfered to put a stop to these practices, though not always with success.

Towards the end of the career of Napoleon, the conscription became more and more oppressive, by the system which he found it expedient to adopt, of calling up the conscripts before the usual time. Thus, on the 9th October 1813, he ordered into active service 200,000 conscripts of the years 1814 and 1815, most of whom could not be above eighteen years of age. Likewise, by an abominable stretch of power, he placed at the disposal of the minister of war, on the 15th of November 1813, 300,000 conscripts of the years 1802, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, all of whom must necessarily have escaped the ordeal of the conscription, and have flattered themselves they were safe for life.

Several more details and results of the horrible "Code de Conscription" might have been given, but enough has perhaps been shown to strengthen in reflecting minds the growing abhorrence for wars, heroes, conquerors, and the whole train of military enormities.

PLAN FOR CONSUMING SMOKE.

As interesting and important experiment was lately witnessed at the Scientific Institution in this town (Liverpool), which shows the practicability of at length getting entirely rid of the abominable nuisance occasioned by the volumes of smoke which are vomited forth in such quantities from the chimneys of our steam-vessels, and of various manufactories. The result of this most satisfactory experiment is so well detailed by a scientific friend who accompanied us for the purpose of witnessing it, that we shall here avail ourselves of his very lucid explanation:—

The perfect combustion of any inflammable substance depends upon two circumstances—the presence of a sufficient quantity of pure air to afford oxygen, and a degree of heat sufficiently high and steady to bring about the perfect union of all the inflammable particles with that oxygen. These two conditions are indispensably necessary, otherwise complete combustion cannot take place. In the great majority of instances, there is no deficiency in the supply of oxygen, but in almost every case the proper quantity of heat is wanting. Now, the manner in which this acts in producing smoke, is the following: we shall take the case of a common furnace, by way of example:—If we examine the fire, we see no smoke in the fire itself, because the temperature there is sufficiently elevated; but at the point of the flame, where the yet unconsumed carbonaceous matter comes in contact with the cold atmospheric air, the smoke makes its appearance, because the temperature is there reduced below that point at which perfect combustion takes place; and the consequence is, that there is a deposition of carbon, and the heating power of the fire is just so much lower than it ought to be, by the number of degrees of heat the smoke would have yielded had it been consumed. In other words, the smoke is a certain quantity of the inflammable matter of the coals which is lost by evaporation, instead of being burned. Now, the method of Mr Cond, who has procured a patent for his invention, consists in supplying this smoke with the quantity of heat that is necessary for its perfect combustion, and this is effected in a very simple and ingenious manner. An apparatus, consisting of a series of small tubes or chambers, so constructed as to expose a large surface to the action of the heat, is placed in the lower part of the chimney beyond the boiler; one end of the series communicates by an open orifice with the external air, while the other opens into a slit in the bridge of the furnace. This is the whole contrivance, and it acts thus:—The superfluous heat in the chimney raises the temperature of the iron tubes to a high degree, and the draught of the chimney causes a current of air into the fire through every aperture, and, consequently, through the heated tubes; a current of hot air is thus thrown into the flame at the very point where the smoke begins to be formed; and the effect is, that the deposition is prevented, and the flame and heat of the fire are both much increased, and not a particle of smoke escapes from the top of the stack.

[We have quoted the above from a Liverpool paper, for the benefit of our numerous readers; and are only afraid that it is "too good news to be true." A short space of time, however, will prove the correctness of the deductions drawn from the experiment.]

PROPORTION OF MARRIED AND UNMARRIED AMONG THE UNFORTUNATE.

In a small popular work lately published, it is asserted that, "if one were to make an abstract of the bankruptcies in the Gazette, for the last dozen years, the majority of the bankrupts would be found unmarried." This allegation, for which no proof whatever is adduced, squares with what one would wish to be true, and is therefore apt to be received without challenge, and perhaps also to be acted on—that is to say, individuals wishing to marry, and provided with little of what is required to maintain a matrimonial household decently, may be tempted to overlook prudence, and rush into expenses which they cannot well bear, on the strength of the general maxim, here set forth, that married men more rarely fall into pecuniary difficulties than bachelors. The *Athenæum*, which quotes and challenges the statement, very properly points out that the directly opposite conclusion has been ascertained by statistical inquiry, not, it is true, in our own country, but in one differing from it in no great degree, namely, France. In a recently published work on Imprisonment for Debt, by M. Bayle-Mouillard, it is shown that, of 1187 incarcerations in Paris, in which the conditions of the parties were ascertained, there were of unmarried persons only 344, or less than one-third, while of the remaining 843, there were widowers without children 29, widowers with children 63, and of married persons with children 580, or nearly one-half of the whole. "Children, a wife, or an entire family, then," the *Athenæum* remarks, "figure for a great deal among the causes of debt; the married struggle with the world being manifestly borne down by the weight he thus carries." It also appears that, of 1232 debtors confined in the Paris prisons during three years, 292 were under, and 940 above, 30 years of age; or by a different examination extending over five years, that, of 2566 imprisonments, 673 of the prisoners were under 30 years of age, 1433 between 30 and 51, and 440 of 51 and upwards. This shows, according to M. Bayle-Mouillard, that "it is not when a man is young, when he has relations to assist him, or bequests to enjoy, that he is most liable to arrests; difficulties come upon him at a period of life when such resources fail, and after he has, probably, made unsuccessful attempts to get on in life—when, with a rising family, he has no longer a dependence on any thing but his own unaided labour, and that labour rendered less efficient by age and infirmity." This also, as the *Athenæum* remarks, "is a most important consideration as regards the morality of the entire question; it refutes volumes of declamation against the criminality of the unfortunate."

LONDON TAVERNS.

"A tavern," says an old writer, "is a common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker away of a rainy day. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the ins-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's country. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book." A considerable change has taken place in the manners of the people in regard to taverns. Formerly they were the general place of resort for men of genius, rank, and fortune; and even princes did not disdain to visit them. How much taverns were frequented by the literati in the early part of the last century, the Spectator, the Tatler, and other British essayists, bear abundant evidence; and there is little doubt but many of these papers were produced at a tavern, or originated in the "wit combats" that frequently took place. Although Sir Richard Steele was extravagant in his uxoriousness, yet who has not admired that passage in one of his letters to his wife, written from a tavern, in which he assures her that he will be with her "within half a bottle of wine?" The change that has taken place in respect to the company frequenting taverns, is supposed to be owing to the increased expense; but the extravagant charges of tavern-keepers, in Queen Anne's time, were not less deserving of complaint than, than they are now. The Duke of Ormond, who gave a dinner to a few friends at the Star and Garter, in Pall-Mall, was charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eight pence, for four dishes and four, that is, first and second courses, without wine or dessert.

ANECDOTE OF MIRZA SHEFFY, LATE PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.

Amongst the variety of cruel punishments by which the late Shah of Persia, Aga Mahmoud Khan, chastised those unhappy wretches amongst his subjects who offended him, cutting out their tongues, their ears, and digging out their eyes, were the most lenient. One morning, some of the royal poolmans having just returned from a domiciliary visit of this kind, to an unfortunate village under the ban of the king, and its doom having been to lose a certain number of eyes, extracted from the heads of its inhabitants, the people in attendance produced the fatal bag, and the sightless organs of vision were poured out before his majesty. Scrupulous in the execution of his orders, the Shah immediately began with the point of his canjar deliberately to separate them one by one, to ascertain if his sentence had been punctually obeyed. Mirza Sheffy, his faithful minister, who had long regarded such repeated acts of violence and cruelty with secret horror, now hoping to make some impression, said, "Does not your majesty think it possible that God may one day not be pleased with this?" The King slowly raised his head, carefully keeping his dagger between the filmy hems he was counting, and as solemnly replied, "Sir, by my head, if there should be one eye too few here, I myself will make the number up with yours." The rash

philanthropist awaited his fate in shuddering silence, well knowing that the word of his master was immovable; but happily for him, the sentence had been too scrupulously executed to require the forfeit of his compassion, and he even remained in favour. He had the rare lot for a prime minister in Asia, of closing his eyes in peace, after a life of eighty years. He died in 1819.—*Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.*

CHARITY.

Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause—
That we have all of us one human heart.
Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
My neighbour, when, with punctual care, each week,
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself
By all her wants, she from her store of meal
Takes one unsparring handful for the scrip
Of this old mendicant, and from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.
—*Wordsworth's Works.*

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

In Genoa there are marriage brokers who have pocket-books filled with names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavouring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

CELEBRATED TAILORS.

Among the celebrated tailors that this country has produced, Sir J. Hawwood, usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his needle, or his sword, leads the van. The arch Fuller says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor in London, pressed for a soldier, and then, by his spirit, rose to the highest command in foreign parts. He served under Edward III., and was knighted. He showed proofs of valour at Poitiers, and gained the esteem of the Black Prince. He finished his glory in the pay of the Florentines, and died, full of years, in 1394. His native place (Hedingham, Essex) erected a monument to his memory in the parish church.—Sir R. Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, and knighted for his valour by Edward III., married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.—John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. His merit as a British historian and antiquary is indisputable.—John Stowe, the antiquary, born in London 1525, was likewise a tailor. In his industrious and long life he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. He lived to the age of eighty, and died in poverty.—Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's voyage, and had great knowledge in naval tactics.—The first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave-trade, was T. Woolman, a Quaker, and a tailor of New Jersey. He published many tracts against this unhappy species of trade; he argued against it in public and private; and made long journeys to talk to individuals on the subject. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, in 1772; caught the small-pox, and died.

WHOLESALE STEALING.

In consequence of the interest which the Lord Chancellor Camden took in behalf of Mr Wilkes, he became so popular that the parishioners of Chislehurst (where he resided), in the zenith of their patriotism, made him a present of ten acres of the common, on which the avenue leading to the seat now stands. His lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen the preceding night, and accidentally meeting a labourer going to work, and thinking from being wrapped up in his greatcoat that he was unknown to the man, inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole the geese from the common. The man answered, "No." "Why, then, I'll tell you," said his lordship; "he would be transported for seven years." "If that is the case," replied the labourer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese?"

GROG.

Until the time of Admiral Vernon, the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unadmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions; and the admiral therefore ordered, that, in the fleet he commanded, the spirit should be mixed with water before it was given to the men. This innovation at first gave great offence to the sailors, and rendered the commander very unpopular. The admiral at that time wore a program coat, and was nicknamed "Old Grog." This name was afterwards given to the mixed liquor he compelled them to take, and it has hence universally obtained the name of grog.

TAXED CARTS.

When the act for inscribing taxed carts with the owner's name at length, was first put in force, a witty individual, Mr Todd of Acton, instead of
ANON TODD, ACTON, A TAXED CART,
caused the following to be inscribed:—
A MOST ODD ACT ON A TAXED CART.

ADVANTAGE OF SYSTEMATIC CIVILITY.

We learn from the Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son, a very interesting book, that the noble baronet was deeply sensible of the advantage of systematic or universal civility. "His ancestors," says the biographer, "had acquired a right of superiority over the burgh of Wick, the county town; and in virtue of that right, he possessed a veto on the election of the provost and bailies. Considering the minority of their superior a favourable opportunity for an invasion of his rights, certain malcontents in the burgh and neighbourhood had recourse to intimidation, offering various insults to himself and his adherents. These outbreaks of local violence were met by proper firmness on the part of the young proprietor. He resolved that no concession should be wrung from him by threats; he sent a special summons to his own tenants and those of his surrounding friends; and, assembling an array of twelve hundred persons, overawed the disaffected burghers so completely, that they abandoned their design of interrupting the election. From this affair Mr Sinclair received a lesson which he never afterwards forgot. 'One of the leaders in these disturbances,' he says, in his private memoranda, 'informed me that he was exasperated to oppose me by my neglect in not answering a letter.' I was thence induced never to fall again into the same error."—Sir John, when president of the Board of Agriculture, observed invariably a rule to receive with civility all visitors, whether they came to ask or to give intelligence. He knew how frequently the conduct of a public department consider themselves insulted by individuals presuming to advise them; as if advice implied aspersion on their sagacity or knowledge. For his own part, he made no pretensions to this official plenitude of wisdom. Even when the propositions made to him were manifestly absurd, he listened to his adviser with attention, and dismissed him with urbanity. A gentleman, who proposed to drain the kingdom with the broken china of the East India House, was so pleased with his polite reception, as to offer, in return, his vote at the next election, either for Kent or Middlesex.

A NOTICE TO THIEVES.

A number of years ago, Captain Edgwa, an eccentric old gentleman residing at a cottage near Laswade, was greatly annoyed by nocturnal depredators habitually breaking the fences of his garden, in order to get at the good things which the premises contained. As he did not care so much for the loss of his fruit as the damage done to the enclosures, and as he was rather fond of a witticism, he had the following notice put up:—"All thieves are in future to enter by the gate, which will be left open every night for the purpose."

A KNOWLEDGE OF NICKNAMES.

Many anecdotes might be collected to show the great difficulty of discovering a person in the collection without being in possession of his nickname. The following was received from a respectable attorney:—"During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed from end to end, without success, and after spending many hours in the search, was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman who had witnessed his labours kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose. 'Oh say, Bullyed, does thee know a man named Adam Green?' The Bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance, 'Loy-a-bed, does thee?' Lya-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg, Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Corky, Pigtail, and Yellow-belly, were severally invoked, but in vain, and the quest fell into a *lourd study*, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, 'Dash my wig! why he means my fether!' and then turning to the gentleman, she added, 'You should ha' ax'd for Old Blackbird.'—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

RUNNING IN DEBT.

If youth but knew the fatal misery they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how would they start in their career! How pale they would turn! How they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are disposing! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it taints the course of life in all its streams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and vengeful politicians! It has a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions for ever in our sight.—*Notes of Henrietta Temple.*

CHARADES FOR THE CURIOUS.

We find the following charades in an old Annual pocket-book, and offer them as trifles to amuse a leisure moment. As we have discovered the solutions, and will give them in our next number, they need not be sent to us.

FIRST.

Old England without me would not be complete,
My next you may see in the market or street;
I sometimes am black, and sometimes appear
With a tail or without, or a slit in my ear.
My third, if the farmer looks sharp to his stock,
He may find in his meadows the pride of his flock;
My whole is amusing if witty and clear,
A keen *jeu d'esprit* to the mind and the ear.

SECOND.

My humble first in yonder vale
May hold the easy mind,
Go mark it well with roses gemm'd,
And blooming woodbines twined.
A little word my next is found,
Brought from the realms of France,
The high-bred dame adores the sound
At opera, park, or dance.
My whole is useful, and the maid
Who lives by needle's art,
Could never sure without my aid
Her handy trade impart.

THIRD.

Tempestuous seas produce my first,
My next behold a card,
My whole is on the ocean's breast,
'Tis the garden, park, or yard.
Nay, on this leaf I must appear,
Upon your face, your hand,
Your wedding ring, your tongue, your ear,
I'm always at command.

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. B. ORR, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and newsmen. Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.